Anth. I am dumb.
Baſſ. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?
Gra. Were you the Clark that is to make me cuckold?
Ner. I but the Clarke that never meanes to do it,
Unleſſe he live untill he be a man.
Baſſ. (Sweet Doctor) you ſhall be my bedfellow,
When I am abſent, then lie with my wife.
An. (Sweet Lady) you have given me life and living;
For here I reade for certaine that my ſhips
Are ſafely come to Rode.
Por. How now *Lorenzo*?
My Clarke hath ſome good comforts to for you.
Ner. I, and Ile give them him without a fee.
There do I give to you and *Ieſſica*,
From the rich Jew, a ſpeciall deed of gift
After his death, of all he dies poſſeſt of.
Loren. Faire Ladies, you drop Manna in the way
Of ſtarved people.
Por. It is almoſt morning,
And yet I am ſure you are not ſatisfied
Of theſe events at full. Let us go in,
And charge us there upon intergatories,
And we will anſwer all things faithfully.
Grat. Let it be ſo, the firſt intergatory
That my *Nerriſſa* ſhall be ſworne on, is,
Whether till the next night ſhe had rather ſtay,
Or go to bed now, being two houres to day:
But were the day come, I ſhould wiſh it darke
Till I were couching with the Doctors Clarke.
Well, while I live, Ile feare no other thing
So ſore, as keeping ſafe *Nerriſſa's* Ring.

[*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

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